

# STONE WALLS



Winter 1980-81

\$2.00

I've been a part of *Stone Walls* since the beginning - first as the printer and now I'm on the Editorial Board. The price of this magazine has stayed at the \$6.00 subscription price since 1975 but now due to the steep increases of paper and supplies to publish this magazine, we have to raise the price to keep it going. The subscription price is now \$7.00 a year ( 4 issues) and the newstand price is \$2.00 per issue.

We are grateful to our Friends and Patrons over these past years. If you want to be a Friend of *Stone Walls* the cost is \$10.00, a Patron is \$25.00. (These prices do not include a year's subscription). We do have some advertising to help defray the cost of printing our magazine but our main income is still from subscriptions. Please help us keep our magazine going - mail in your new subscription today.

I've enjoyed being a part of *Stone Walls*, it brings back alot of memories of my childhood. It gives me a sense of belonging to these hilltowns, a sense of peace. The best memories I have are of Crescent Mills - the people, the mill, and the woods that was the young ones' playground all year round. At the age of nine my family moved to Huntington and I grew up there. To read the names of the people I knew in those two places gives me a warm, wonderful feeling. And for these reasons I would like to see this magazine last forever. It's a part of me and a part of you. Lets keep our family together.

*Brinda Benard Paone*

STONE WALLS

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# Long Ago Days

*by Leona A. Clifford*

This is winter? Of course that could change, and fast, but in almost no case are any of the winters we have now like the ones in my childhood. Winter came and stayed then. You could almost say they were dependable!

When it finally settled in, usually by mid-December, we always butchered our corn-meal fattened hogs. We could look forward to a nice Christmas dinner of roast pork and all the fixin's. Most of all, by then it was safe to store all the fresh meat in what had been years before the old cheese room. (Did you know that in the early and mid 1800's Granville shipped TONS of cheese to market? Well, it did.) Later the sausage, hams, and bacon would be kept there too. In those days, with refrigeration poor or lacking, we didn't have much fresh meat for a large part of the year, and we appreciated the cold that kept our bounty from spoilage.

And the snow came and stayed! We had many mini-vacations on account of it. We looked forward to them. We didn't have the vacations and holidays the school system provides now. From Christmas to "mud-time" we had classes.

The roads were often drifted full and there were no snow plows. Some towns had snow rollers drawn by teams of horses or oxens, which packed the snow down, but whether Granville ever used one I can't say. It took a long time to "break-out" all of Granville's roads. Sooner or later, however, we could look up the road and see snow being tossed left and right into the air, and there would be the town crew with shovels and teams of

horses, usually Nelson Frisbie's, with a large wood shod sled which he also used in his logging business. This made good tracks where it hadn't drifted and the men had to shovel the rest. It was cold hard work and all of them weren't young, but young or old, I remember no job related heart attacks! If they were near a house at lunch time they would be invited in to eat their lunches, which I am sure many times must have needed a bit of thawing. It also gave people a chance to find out what, if anything, had been going on while they were isolated -- not many telephones then and often out of order from the storms.

These times were hard on the mail and the family doctor. The former got through if, when, and any way he could, and I have heard many tales of how they went about it. The doctor's position was the crucial one. There is no comparison between delayed mail and a critically ill person. My grandmother had a severe stroke during one of these winters. Dr. Clifford White came as far as he could by sleigh and the rest of the way on horseback across a neighbor's pasture. Grandma's two sons had been called home, probably arriving the same way, and were anxiously waiting his arrival. As he stepped into the kitchen my uncles grabbed him and rushed him back outdoors where they liberally rubbed his nose and ears with snow, for they had seen at once that he had suffered frost bite. Snow was the oldtime remedy for this and is frowned on today. I don't know if it helped the doctor but it sure scared me half to death - I didn't know what was happening!

We made the most of those winters and went sliding and skiing on the nice home-made skis my father fashioned for us. There were plenty of hills, no traffic, and no bare roads. Our mail was left at the corner so we would ski down to pick it up. Some big boys owned a double rigger and we made good use of that during noon recesses and sometimes at night if there

was enough moonlight. Sometimes a few grown ups came along and that usually insured that someone would pull the rig back up the hill with their car which left a lot more time for sliding down!

We never lacked for plenty of winter entertainment. I think we had better roast pork and more fun than people today.

No matter how I sympathize,  
her work is done. The spider dies.

*by Colin Reid*



*Drawing by Natalie Birrell*

# I Remember Crescent Mills

## Part IV

*by Clifford L. Kites*



*Father*

Father was a very popular man in the area and knew the paper business from A to Z. He had started at the Carson Mill in Dalton at the age of nine. For thirty-five years before his death in 1900 he was Superintendent of the Chapin and Gould paper mill in Crescent Mills. Occasionally he was called in as a consultant by other papermakers in Westfield, West Springfield, and Pittsfield when some problem arose in their business that they were unable to solve. Three departments of Chapin & Gould worked around the clock, and occasionally something would go wrong during the night and Father would have to get up and go down to the mill. They used to wake him up by throwing



*Mother*

pebbles against his bedroom window. At a fair held by St. Thomas Catholic Church in Huntington, Father was voted the most popular mill manager, and was awarded a gold-headed ebony cane. Father was peculiar and old fashioned in several ways. Back in those days men wore white stiff bosomed shirts for dress. Father wore his to bed as a nightgown. For years he wore high leather boots with the tops inside his pant legs. He had them made to order by James McGowan, a bootmaker in Huntington, at ten dollars a pair!

The tall chimney on the hillside in the pasture that connected to the boilers in the paper mill by a flue, was an idea of Father's to provide more draft for the



boilers. He invented and had patented a device for putting the watermark in paper, known as the dandy roll, and sold a number of them to other papermaking concerns.

On one side of our home was the big boarding house run by "Mother" Chamberlain, where several of the mill help lived. I never knew what her first name was, but everybody called her "Mother" because she took such an interest in everyone in the little village, especially the children. She was a large woman, full of fun, and as far as I knew never married. After we moved to Springfield father got his meals at the boarding-house, but kept a room in our old home. He came home to Springfield on the train every other weekend.

My mother was a fine piano player and in her early married life gave piano lessons. She was also a good hostess, and many of the social affairs of the Congregational Church in Huntington were held in our home. We had plenty of room and everyone seemed to enjoy coming there. Mother could butter-her-bread on both sides in those days and for several years owned a large business block in Huntington, on the opposite corner from the Congregational Church. In it was the office of Dr. Hutchinson who brought us children into the world; a printing press where the first issues of the Valley Echo, a local weekly newspaper, were printed; a general store; a barbershop; and in the basement a meat market. Mother engaged a lawyer in Huntington by the name of Leon Hardy to look after her interests, to collect rents from the stores and also from the three tenements above. The building was an old one, the lawyer a slowpoke in making repairs and collecting rents, and Mother got fed up and sold the block.

She loved to roller skate, and we often went to a skating rink in Huntington,

owned by her brother, Lyman Church, who was bookkeeper in Heath and Pease Grocery Store. Quite often we went to Westfield to skate at the Gem Rink there, now made over into a movie house.

One time at a costume party there, the owner's daughter and I skated together, won First Prize for our costumes and skating.

On Sundays we attended the Congregational Church in Huntington, riding there in a fringed-top surrey in summer, and a two seated sleigh in winter with plenty of buffalo robes to keep us warm. The minister of the church, Rev. Ashley, was a great friend of Father's and quite often he and his wife came to our home to play croquet with Father and Mother. He used to smoke cigars, and it was considered a great sin for a minister to smoke in those days.

Quite often on Sunday afternoon in the summertime, Mother, Maude, and I would go for a ride. I would ask John McBride, the hostler at the barn to hitch Old Billy, the driving horse, to the phaeton. and we would drive into Russell, often stopping at a large field there to pick trailing arbutus. Then we would cross the bridge over the river and drive up through Montgomery to Grandmother Church's home in Huntington for supper. How I loved to roam around in the big attic there, where there were many things to attract the attention of a small boy. In one corner stood Grandfather Church's single barrel muzzle-loading shotgun with a four foot barrel. I wasn't strong enough to cock it with my hands, but would place my foot on the hammer to cock it and then edge it over a clothesline that stretched across the attic and with both hands pull the trigger.

How well I remember the Saturday night baths Mother gave Maude and me in a wooden tub beside the kitchen range, and the trips to the privy on cold winter nights. I would light the lantern and get

Mother's big Paisley shawl, sit down with the lantern in my lap and cover myself with the shawl. In no time at all it would be warm as toast under the shawl, but much different in the rear.

Lizzie Quinn, our maid, was a jolly girl, full of fun, good looking, young, and a beautiful singer. She was always singing at her work. She was with us for a number of years in Crescent Mills and for a short time after we moved to Springfield. Then she married Billy O'Keefe, the boss in the calendar room in the paper mill, and went to Huntington to live and raise a family.

Mother's uncle, William Church, visited us quite often, and sometimes stayed for several days. He was one of the five Church brothers who had textile mills on Factory Brook in Middlefield, where they manufactured broadcloth for men's suits and satin for linings. The business was started by Ambrose Church in 1808. In 1823 Ambrose Church built and equipped for Uriah Church Jr., his cousin and father of the five Church brothers, what was known as the Upper Mill. The business suffered some setbacks at first, but during the 1830's there came a boom in the



*As a gay young blade*



woolen business aided in part by higher tariffs; and the local demand for high grade wool so stimulated sheep raising among the local farmers that in 1836 there were 9678 sheep in the little town of Middlefield!

At one time the firm was known as U. Church and Sons, but after the death of Uriah Church, Jr. the firm name was changed to S.U. Church and Brothers. Their product was known in the markets of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington as Mountain Mills Gold Band Cloth, and on account of its soft finish and brilliant luster, sold for twenty five cents more a yard than any brand of its kind. It was made in colors, but black was generally used for men's clothing. When the Civil War broke out in 1861 they lost their southern markets, and the manufacture of broadcloth dropped to a low ebb. However, there was a great demand for army supplies, and in short time the Church Mills were working around the clock making army blankets and woolen cloth for uniforms for Union soldiers. The business was abandoned in 1890 after eighty-two years of manufacturing the fine products that helped in making Middlefield famous.

Local entertainments were often minstrel shows. They started with the players dressed in costume and black-face, cracking jokes with the interlocutor. There were no banjos or guitars; all the music came from one violin, several ocaronas, kazoos, harmonicas, and jews harps. There would be a skit, and Jim Norton would play a violin solo and do some clog dancing, followed by a comedy team who told stories and cracked jokes with one another. There would be musical numbers on the different instruments and a grand finale. My part in the show was to raise and lower the curtain and to sing two songs, without accompaniment. For all that I was paid one dollar. The shows were usually followed by a dance, but one time

for a change we had an oyster stew supper in the big dining room of the boarding-house. It was attended by about everyone in the little village.

One time a crazy man who escaped from the insane asylum in Northampton was caught in the woods not far from our house. He had been missing for a week, and I never will forget how he looked, all covered with dirt and the few clothes he wore torn to shreds.

About every summer an organ grinder with his monkey passed through the little village, and sometimes an old fellow with a big brown bear who danced around in a circle, much to the amusement of the small children. About every night after supper in the summertime there would be a game of baseball in the big field near the barn. After the game was over we congregated along the fence in front of the boarding-house, the older men to talk and smoke their pipes, while the boys played games such as hide and seek and run sheep run.

The barn at Crescent Mills was a big one with six stalls for horses, a big room for storing feed and a box stall. There was a big room for several kinds of driving carriages, a two seated sleigh and a cutter. A pair of working mules occupied two of the stalls and two others were used in the daytime by horses owned by John Brennan of Russell and E. Kelso of Huntington, both of whom worked in the paper mill. In the basement was the cow barn, where Charles Carrington stanchioned his ten cows and two big oxen. Upstairs in the barn were the big haymows where we three used to play, although my father had told us many times to keep out of there.

There was skating on the millpond in wintertime, and sliding on the hills of Crescent Mills that were long and steep. There were double-rippers that would hold ten to a dozen people. Starting at the top of barn hill we went the whole length of the lower part of the village, if the sliding was



*Crescent Mills as it looked 70 years ago*

good. There was a bend in the road at the foot of the hill and many a spill we had there, but I don't recall anyone ever getting hurt. Two or three of those long slides were enough for one evening because of the long walk back. We boys used to fasten barrel staves together to slide on the crust with, and how those things could go. Once you started downhill on the icy crust you really moved, and there was no way of steering.

Winter evenings I usually spent in the paper mill with Jim Chaffrey in the machine room, or Bernice Aldrich in the engine room, or old John Dempsey in the boiler room, as those departments worked around the clock. John was also watchman on the week he worked nights, and every hour from six o'clock at night to six in the morning he had to walk all through the mill to see that everything was all right. He carried a watchman's clock with a round paper dial, and in each room of the mill would insert a key in the clock that punched a hole in the dial. My father by

looking at the dial the next morning could tell if John had made all the rounds in the night.

When I was ten years old Father said it was time for me to have a shotgun, so Will Caffrey and I bought one together. It was a single barrel muzzle loader, and in the stock was a little pocket to keep the percussion caps in. We used to get hornets nests from the woods to use for wadding as it packed down better than newspaper. Will Caffrey and I went to high school in Huntington. In the fall and winter we used to carry the shotgun with us to shoot part-ridge, rabbits, and gray squirrels along the road. Sometimes we got a shot at a wild duck in the river. Attending high school with us was the late Charles M. Gardner, who later in life was Editor of the Grange Magazine and high priest of Demeter of the grange for many years. Also John W. Culver who much later became a reporter for the Springfield Daily news, covering city hall.

# He Kept His Cool

**HUNTINGTON** -- Carl Nooney, 82, of Norwich Hill, was reminiscing of the good old days when he was the only iceman in town. Times were hard and jobs scarce, but he decided to buy a business. So in 1929 he bought the ice house on Bromley Road from Raymond Fisk and became a businessman. (The property is now owned by Katheryn Corrigan).

It was a good move, business was good but the most important thing, Carl said, was being his own boss. He cut all his ice from a pond near the ice houses. During a good cold winter he was able to get three good cuts which equaled 10,000 cakes of ice, 22X32, and these were stored in two ice houses. A Model T Ford motor provided the power to cut the blocks and another to haul them into the ice-houses.

Loose sawdust was used in the smaller building but in the large ice-house sawdust never touched the ice. Large partitions divided the building off in sections and these partitions were filled with sawdust. The building had an air space between the last wall and the outside.

Carl's Model T. Ford truck was a common sight around town and on hot days the children ran after him to gather the small chips of ice in the back of his truck. He sold a hundred pound block for fifty cents. Besides the many homes he delivered ice to for the family ice box, he also sold to stores. Chester wanted Carl to extend his route into their town, but at first he refused because too much ice would melt on the way, and for only fifty cents a chunk, it wasn't worth the trip. The people got together and offered him eighty cents per hundred pounds and so his route

was extended to Chester. By this time he had three ice trucks on the road.

When the sale of liquor became legal again in the thirties, business was even better, but as electric refrigerators began to appear in the home, business tapered



off and Carl sold out in 1947.

Carl has been retired for many years but is still very much the active man. He is an expert carpenter and right now is building a new garage on the property he purchased recently on Searles Road. He drives his own car and each winter takes off to spend the cold months in the sunshine of Florida.

**Editors Note:** Carl Nooney died this past summer. He is the brother of Frank Nooney.



# Remembrances

*by Edna Hart*

I remember!

-The mud in Spring when schools closed for ten days. When country dirt roads became a huge chocolate pudding. When the accepted footwear for toddler to totterer became knee-high rubber boots.

-The heat of the kitchen on a Summer day when a wood fire was built up to heat water for laundry. When fruit and vegetables were canned. When breads, cakes and pastries were baked for the family.

-The occasional tramp, who, with worldly goods in blue bandana tied to a stick flung over his shoulder, stopped for food and drink. Who stayed to chop a pile of wood, or fetch water, his thanks for the hospitality. Who might ask for a night's lodging in the hay loft. No one ever turned away hungry or tired.

-The Pack Peddler who came yearly with his huge box of dry goods and trinkets. Who carefully removed each article piece by piece (how eagerly we watched!). Who just as carefully repacked his goods. Who usually left us with a new hair-ribbon or long black stockings.

—The Fishmonger who came weekly in Summer with cart filled with ice and fish buried beneath. How welcome a change from the eggs, poultry, and salt meat, our usual summer menu.

-The Tinsmith who came once or twice offering pots and pans or his services to repair leaking vessels. Mother knew how and could use a soldering iron to make her own repairs.

-The Rain barrel under the eaves. In summer the white worms seen wriggling about the water. Mosquito larva? Perhaps. Water, a precious commodity on a country farm where wells ran dry early.

And I remember;

-Running through dewey grass of a summer evening to bathe the dust and grime from busy feet before crawling into bed.

-The galvanized washtub in front of the open oven door on Saturday night for our weekly bath.

-The dash to the backyard privy on a cold, blustery day. It is true, there was a Sears and Roebuck catalogue out there.

-The Horse and Buggy Doctor who came at a call, with his little, black bag of pills. Who sat a whole night through beside my sister, ill with Typhoid. Who once let me watch as he with pestle and mortar, made pills to replace his dwindling supply.

-The Chestnut in the Fall. After a hard frost, the burrs opened giving up their hidden goodies. We gathered the nuts by the sugar bags full, then brought them home to boil, roast, or eat au naturel.

But best of all, I remember

-Christmas Eve. The sleigh ride to the church. The huge tree so beautiful. The pieces spoken and the songs sung by the children. The arrival of Santa with his pack of goodies. The exchange of gifts, both young and old. Truly an enchanted evening.



*Drawing by Natalie Birrell*



# Water

*by Carl Libardi*

When you meander along  
By the side of a stream  
And hear it murmur its song  
Like a Poetic dream  
As it flows non - stop  
From the mountain top  
And then seems to dally  
When it eases its rush  
As it reaches the valley  
Where its music is hushed...  
Do you wonder at all  
Regarding its source  
Do you try to recall  
Its mysterious force?

From a solitary drop  
'Tis but a drip and a plop  
To a trickle --- a swell  
That fills dingles and dells.  
Those under-ground veins  
Freshly fed by the rains  
The pull of the moon -  
April showers at noon -  
These all exert their special force  
To send it on its merry course.  
But what keeps its flow  
At an even keel?  
What makes it glow  
With a steady yield?



*Drawing by Cecilia Sansone*



In every forest's shadowy solitude, it seems  
This seepage forms a multitude of tiny streams.  
They gather there in rivulets  
Among the ferns and violets  
Like a mass of tangled dreams  
Not unlike our mortal schemes.  
But these unravel as they travel  
O'er the stones and sand and gravel  
And join within their common cause  
In blind response to Nature's law

O'er the stones and sand and gravel  
And join within their common cause  
In blind response to Nature's laws.  
Combined, they then glide onward toward the sea  
Preserving Nature's continuity.  
Merging toward the open sea  
Surging onward toward the sea.

Night and day it gurles and babbles  
While it bounces in play as it pauses and dabbles  
Oblivious to the fall of foreign matter  
And the ominous pitter - patter  
Of the deadly acid rain  
That sweeps the valleys of its vast domain.  
It continues its care-free chatter and clatter

It continues its care-free chatter and clatter.  
Now, high over-head on that rocky wall -  
There, in answer to gravity's call  
With a liquid, care-free lunge  
It smoothly takes its graceful plunge  
Spewing itself over the falls.  
With a chatter and clatter  
It splatters it flow  
And shatter its glow  
On the jumble of stones far below.

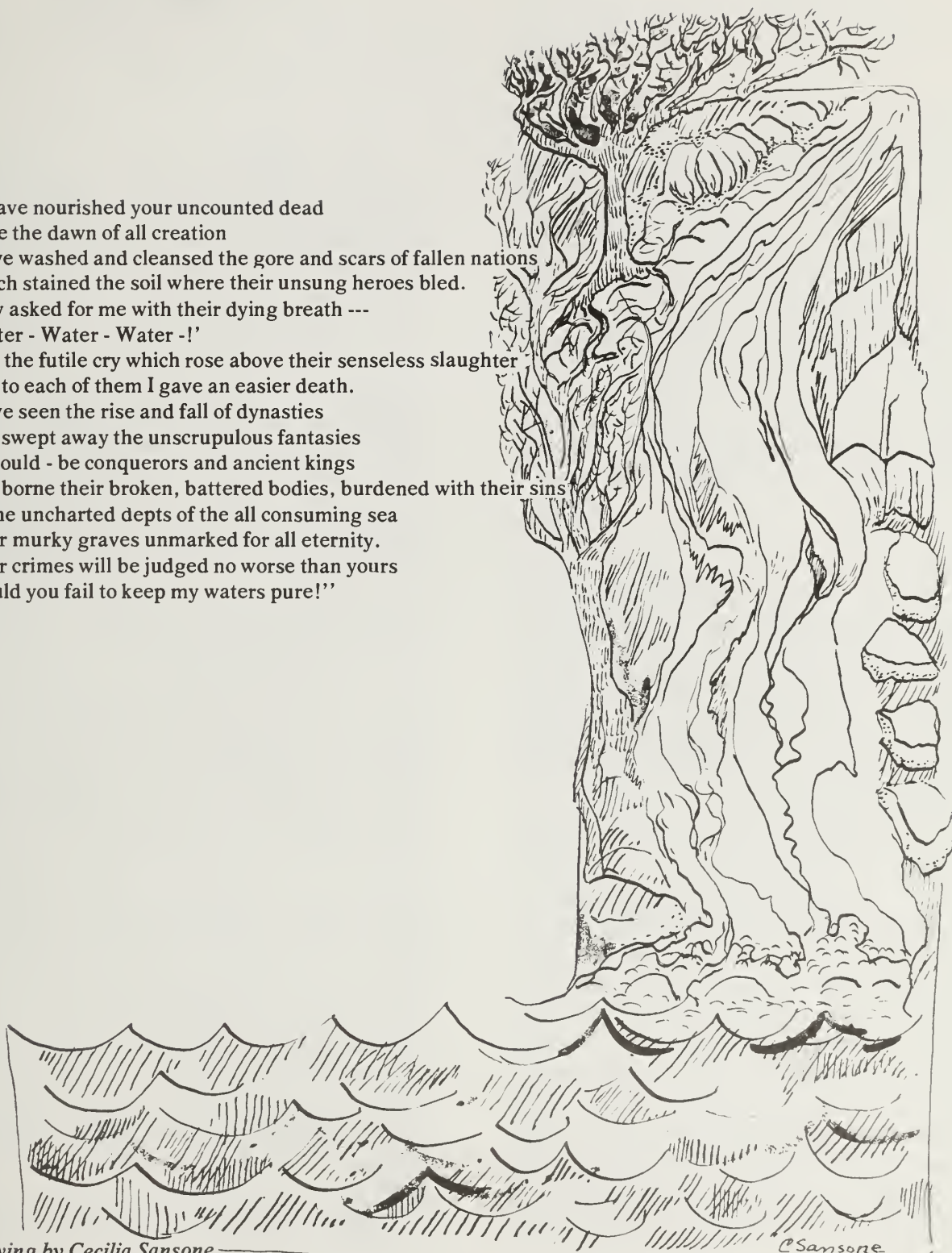
Then gathering itself at the end of the flume  
It survives and rides with its variable tides  
And continues its journey with its restless tune  
With its constantly breathless, deathless tune.  
But did you listen -- really listen  
To the message it tried to tell?  
Some words were missing, but others glisten  
On those wet stones along the dell.  
"I bring solace, growth and health  
Energy, prosperity and even wealth  
To each and every thing I touch.  
But of you, my friend,  
When this cycle of creation ends  
Will history ever say as much?  
For I am the sparkle in your loved one's eyes  
And I spring forth when your youngster cries."

I followed along  
Intrigued with its song  
And I harkened to its melodious incantations  
As I listened and yearned to understand  
The meaning of its exuberent exclamations  
And the reasons for its frequent lamentations  
As it flowed through meadowlands  
And verdant miles of lush plantations.  
"You are earth-bound, but unlike me  
You should rejoice--for you have a choice  
You control your destiny and your soul is free!  
So listen carefully to your inner voice ...  
Keep me clean --- Keep me pure!  
Only thus can humanity's future be secure.  
Beward my return from the putrid sea  
The dumping ground for all humanity!"

So I meandered along in a dreamy reverie  
While its subtle rhythm hypnotised.  
'Though somewhat mesmerized, I soon realized  
That its cryptic message would be clear to me  
Only when I reached a psychic state of perfect mental harmony.  
'Though I may have missed its prelude  
I am sure I can now conclude  
That its mystic message came to me  
While in that rare moment of complete affinity.  
'While you may never pass this way again  
Polluted parts of me will reappear  
At various times of every year  
In the form of snow or hail or rain  
And drench the placid valleys of your flood plains.  
I am the first to quench the thirst of the entire universe  
Must I, then, return with creations's curse of pestilence, or worse?

"I hold the key to rejuvenation  
For each successive generation.  
Throughout eternity, part of your heredity  
Has been my sparkling purity.  
Since the dawn of time the galaxies in outer space  
In muted sadness have witnessed the ebb and flow  
And ultimately, the supremacy of each evolving human race,  
For history constantly repeats itself in this planet's afterglow.  
Those lost civilizations and forgotten nations ---  
Race after race have all disappeared without explanation  
From the face of this earth  
Without a trace---without re-birth.  
The sinister, silent static of your electric smog  
Currently is the catalyst which will set the stage, in preparation,  
When combined with your corrosive, chemical fog  
For the inevitable, final holocaust---the total annihilation  
Of all your blind and thoughtless nations!"

"I have nourished your uncounted dead  
Since the dawn of all creation  
I have washed and cleansed the gore and scars of fallen nations  
Which stained the soil where their unsung heroes bled.  
They asked for me with their dying breath ---  
'Water - Water - Water -!'  
Was the futile cry which rose above their senseless slaughter  
And to each of them I gave an easier death.  
I have seen the rise and fall of dynasties  
And swept away the unscrupulous fantasies  
Of would - be conquerors and ancient kings  
And borne their broken, battered bodies, burdened with their sins  
To the uncharted depths of the all consuming sea  
Their murky graves unmarked for all eternity.  
Their crimes will be judged no worse than yours  
Should you fail to keep my waters pure!"



Drawing by Cecilia Sansone



# The Wife Murderer

*The Springfield Union,*

August 2, 1905

## Forward:

In the 1980 Spring issue of *Stone Walls*, Frank S. Nooney described an episode in which a murderer was captured near his farm home in the early 1900's. Soon afterwards, a copy of the *Springfield Union* with an account of this episode was loaned to us. The article is reprinted here. It reminds us that tragedy and scandal did occur in the hill towns even in "The good old days". At the same time, the forces of law and order depended primarily upon local citizens. At least on this occasion, the system worked, and the criminal was captured without further bloodshed. Moreover, despite local anger and resentment, his safety was assured until he could be arraigned and brought to trial.

*Lucy Conant*

Chester, August 1--Utterly fagged out from tearing through the woods all day to dodge his pursuers, Charles Teidman walked down to one of the 50 armed men who were patrolling the main road between Chester and Huntington at 5:30 this afternoon and surrendered himself as the murderer of his wife.

From the relentless character of the pursuit over Chester mountain and the bitter remarks which he frequently overheard as the man-hunters passed his hiding places, Teidman realized that the posse was more desperate than he was, and that if made a fight he would be shot down instantly. So he quietly walked out from the woods, laid his revolver on the ground, and asked to be taken to a safe jail. Tonight he is in the Chester lock-up, expressing sorrow over his deed, but insisting that as long as he has committed murder, he wishes that he had killed at least two others besides his wife.

...in the past he had threatened so often to shoot her that a warrant had been sworn out for his arrest. This morning he waited until his wife's father and brother had gone to work, leaving her in the house with Mrs. Carrie Adams of 19 Cambridge St., Springfield, and then he stepped on the little porch and shot through the window at his wife, killing her almost instantly, as the 38-caliber bullet went into her brain.

Immediately after the shooting, he took to the woods, followed soon afterwards by groups of men, until the whole of Chester and Huntington had been aroused; he had been located in a big clump of woods running from Chester mountain down to Huntington along the railroad track; the woods fairly well surrounded, and a perfect cordon of armed pickets had been established all along the roadway for two miles west of Huntington, so that he could not break from the woods and make for the railroad without instant discovery.

So aroused was the neighborhood that threats of a lynching were everywhere heard. Deputy Sheriff Edwin H. Alvord, in charge of the man-hunt, did not hesitate to pass the word along, "Get him dead or alive and shoot if he starts to fight". Three hours after the murder, Teidman was encountered by five men, whom he held off at the point of his revolver, and to whom he said he would shoot the first man who came near, and would never be taken alive.

Teidman admitted last night that when he made this threat, his revolver was

empty, as he had taken the three cartridges out and put them in his pocket, but he does say that if the revolver had been loaded he would have shot James Gamel, uncle of the murdered woman, who was one of the party of five. There is no question but that Teidman was desperate at this time, but his cave-in and calm surrender later was brought about by complete weariness, hunger, and the realization of certain capture. He insisted last night that he had not eaten or slept for two days, and so was physically unable to stand the terrible strain of his race for liberty through ten or fifteen miles of mountain roads and thick woods.

The murderer is 25 years old, is of stocky build, weighting about 165 pounds and being five feet six inches in height. A little more than two years ago he drifted into Chester from nowhere in particular, and settled down to work as a brakeman on the New York Central Railroad, principally in the extra crews which are required on the heavy grade at this point. He met Bessie Austin, then 20 years old, and on August 13, two years ago, they were married.

Teidman went to live with his wife's father, on Prospect Avenue. The family was composed of the father, Frank Austin, his daughter and her husband, and young Chauncey Austin. Frank Austin is a foreman at the Chester Stone Works. Their home on Prospect Avenue is perched up on the side hill just north of the railroad tracks, and only a few hundred feet west of the railroad station. It is a pretty little cottage which shows much care for appearances, with neat lawns, flower beds and trailing vines.

For about a year all went well, and then Teidman began to have trouble with his wife. He became shiftless, and developed fierce jealousy of the woman, becoming frantic whenever he saw her talking to some other man besides the members of

the family. Early this year he finally left the house, apparently for good, but from time to time he showed up for a day, as he passed through the town working on the freights or tramping. Threats against his wife's life began to be heard some weeks ago.

About two weeks ago he came to Chester again, and then real trouble began. Teidman did not try to resume his old place in the house, for his father-in-law had ordered him to keep out and leave Bessie alone, but he slept at night in barns or in the woods on the mountain in the rear, and picked up meals as best he could. He watched his wife as a cat watches a mouse, and every movement she made seemed to arouse him more. His open threats to everyone with whom he talked became so notorious that Deputy Sheriff Alvord swore out a warrant for the man's arrest on the charge of vagrancy, and it was for this reason, he says, that he had failed to get any sleep on Sunday or Monday nights, so afraid was he of arrest.

Meanwhile, his wife was becoming more and more afraid. She took the precaution to keep a loaded revolver in her room, and tried to keep out of the man's way as much as possible, going over to New Boston for two days last week in the hope that he might go away meanwhile. Her aunt, Mrs. Carrie Adams, came to visit the Austins a week ago Saturday night, and remained practically on guard over Bessie.

One reason why the women began to be scared was the fact that Teidman was seen to have a revolver, and was making threats to kill others besides his wife. "Mame" Palmer, a woman who lives not far away, who was her chum; her uncle, James Gamel; her aunt, Mrs. Adams, and others were threatened. As one Chester man said this morning, "If you want to know who he was going to kill, just name everybody in town that knew his wife."

Last night, the first real trouble develop-





The hole in the window in the ell was made by Tiedman's bullet. A curtain prevented Tiedman taking aim through the lower sash.

ed. Bessie, her brother and some others were playing croquet on the little terraced lawn beside the house about 6 o'clock, when they were startled by a shot which sounded from the hill just above. Mrs. Adams was standing on the steps of the house at the time and, glancing in the direction from which the sound appeared to come, she saw Teidman dodge behind a tree about 100 yards up the hill. She called to the others not to look around, but made them understand that Teidman was up on the hill, and that they were to come quietly into the house. They took the warning, but not quietly, and all rushed helter-skelter for shelter. Mrs. Adams is convinced that Teidman at that time was shooting at his wife but the distance was altogether too

great for revolver work, and so the bullet was not heard to strike anything. It is a fact that the tree behind which Teidman stood is directly in line with an opening in the brush through which the croquet ground is visible.

The shooting was a few minutes after 8 o'clock this morning. The Austins, father and son, went to work at 8, leaving the two women in the house, preparing to wash the breakfast dishes. Mrs. Teidman had locked the two screen doors which open on the porch, one from the sitting room in the ell and one from the main part of the house.

Suddenly Mrs. Adams saw Teidman coming along the street, and she shut the doors, locking them. Teidman walked up



on the little vine-covered porch...the niece crossed to the other side of the room to go into her bedroom, the door being about 12 feet from where Teidman was standing.

Just then Teidman raised his right hand, which grasped a revolver, and, holding the weapon against the window glass, directly above the lower sash, he pulled the trigger. His wife fell forward on her face, lying half-way into the bedroom. Then Teidman aimed at Mrs. Adams, but she rushed out into the main part of house, screaming, "Murder!" Seeing that he could not get Mrs. Adams without breaking into the house, Teidman stepped into the street, and turned up into the brush, which covers the side hill and develops into thick woods further up the mountain.

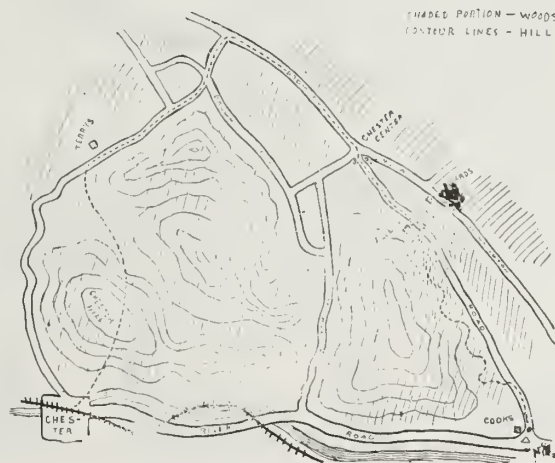
He did not know at this time that his shot was fatal; in fact, he claims that he was not sure that he hit his wife. Dr. O.J. Shepardson, who arrived soon afterward, says that the room was so dark and it was so difficult to discern a moving figure in the room from the porch, that, in his opinion, Teidman's bullet was not well-aimed but accidentally aimed. There is no question but what he shot at his wife, but he shot far straighter than he could again if he tried a hundred times.

As soon as she saw Teidman running off, Mrs. Adams sent her little daughter

over to the home of the Wilsons, along the street a few houses. Within a few minutes the Wilsons had aroused the town. One rushed to the assistance of Mrs. Teidman, another for Dr. Shepardson, and a third for Deputy Sheriff Alvord.

Within 15 minutes after the shooting, the physician arrived. The woman was still breathing, but was unconscious. In fact, the doctor is convinced that she was unconscious from the moment that she fell. For five minutes she breathed, with Dr. Shepardson doing all possible to bring her to consciousness, and then the heart ceased to beat at exactly 8:25.

An examination showed that the bullet entered the brain on the left side of the head, a little above and to the rear of the ear, passing in almost a straight line through both lobes of the brain and becoming embedded in the skull on the right side of the head. There was hemorrhage from the nose and contusions on the nose and forehead, the bruises evidently caused by her fall forward on her face. Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Adams cared for the body until Medial Examiner Jones of Westfield viewed the remains in the afternoon, and Undertaker Frank Fay was called in. Burial will be in Pine Hill Cemetery, Chester.



MAP SHOWING THE CHASE.

The dotted line from Chester, over the mountain to the center, down the Cook road to Huntington, gives Teidman's course.



*Merry Christmas.*  
Drawing by Heather Barger



## THE PATCHWORK QUILT

*Meredith Marsh*

*Feeling a bit high  
and wondering why  
The patchwork quilt upon my bed  
Continues to dance inside my head.*

*Patches of material:  
the blues,  
lonely yellows,  
May Day flowers,  
and red kitchen-cloth checkers,*

*lose their places  
-forming faces*

*of my family.*

*Rips and tears  
of cloth and hearts,  
showing the time that has slipped us by.*

*Things we should have said,  
holes once needed  
mending.*

*The threads holding the patches together,  
Begin to look like hands, fingers entwined forever  
gathering strength with age.*

*I wake myself to reality, and stare  
At the patchwork quilt lying there;  
the frayed edges, faded colors,*

*Brings me to love it even more.*



# Basketry in Blandford

*by Rev. Frank A. Higgins*

At the begining of the seventeenth century two Indian families-Iroquois and Algonquins-lived in western Massachusetts and what is now known as Blandford was a part of their hunting ground. Among the later tribe there was a tradition to the effect that in the moon there lived an aged woman who was weaving a basket and that when she finished her work the world would be destroyed. Every time there was an eclipse of the moon they thought a dog had destroyed the basket which necessitated that the aged woman should start her work all over again.

When people weave a legendary tale around an art it is an indication that to them the art is important and that they have practiced it for countless ages. Apparently no people are so primitive that they do not know about it. In primeval times basketwork was a branch of the art of weaving, and both of these arts grew out of the still more primitive one of wattling.

A basket is a utensil made of osier twigs or other flexible materials, such as rushes, strips of wood, splits of bamboo or rattan, and used for holding and carrying varied sorts of commodities. Baskets woven by the natives in South America are capable of holding liquids. On account of its lightness combined with strength and durability, basketwork is preferred to joinery in the manufacture of many varied commodities.

The word basket is of Britanno-Celtic origin. Around the middle of the past century William C. Higgins of the fifth generation of basket manufacturers in Massachusetts, moved from Ringville (Worthington) to Blandford and established a factory. From Mr. Lyman Gibbs, Mr. Higgins purchased a tract of land in

the North Village bordering both banks of Wheeler's brook.

In those days the stream afforded ample power for the operation of a water wheel. White ash timber was plentiful in the township and out of this material the baskets were made. The trees were felled and drawn to the shop yard for trimming. The logs were then split into sections and the sections steamed. Subjected to pounding by a trip hammer the sections of wood were separated into strips which were planed. Having provided a sufficient quantity of strips of greater length than the proposed dimensions of the finished work, a number of strips were placed on a wooden form in parallel pairs at small intervals in the direction of the longer diameter of the basket. This formed the woof, so to speak.

The strips were then crossed at right angles with corresponding strips. Next each of the latter were woven alternately over and under the length wise parallel pieces and thus the parallel pieces were held fast; and this formed the "slath" - the foundation. Next the end of one of the two tranversed strips were woven under the length-wise strips all around the bottom till the whole strip was worked in; and the same was done with the other transverse strip and then additional strips were woven in until the bottom was of the required size.

After finishing the bottom, work began on the super structure by driving a sufficient number of strips between the strips at the bottom from the edge toward the center. These formed the ribs or skeleton and were set up in the direction of the sides. Between these ribs other strips were woven in until the structure reached

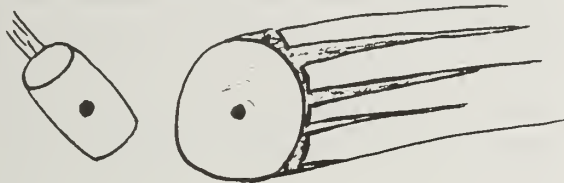
the desired length. The edge was finished by multiple stripping of the circumference.

Many innovations in basket making were introduced by Mr. Higgins. These related largely to reinforcements which gave added durability to finished product. A patent was granted for the Higgins basket by the authorities in Washington on April 1st, 1873.

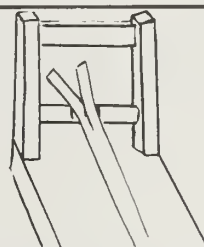
Mr. Higgins specialized in all kinds of Cotton, Woolen, Paper, Elevator, Sorting, Shoe, Silk, Laundry, Steam, and Farm Baskets. The shop was equipped to manufacture baskets of odd sizes and shapes including the small darning and the large balloon baskets, many of which are still in existence.

With the passing of the years water power was replaced by steam. Upon the death of Mr. Higgins the business was incorporated under the name of the William

C. Higgins' Sons and was conducted by two sons, Lee and Ira Higgins. After forty years of operation the raw material of white ash became largely extinct in Blandford which necessitated hauling trees by oxen and horses from as far away as Tolland. This additional overhead expense coupled with the fact that the company was under the expense of hauling the finished product six miles to a railroad for shipment made it advisable to discontinue the business. This was done in the year 1905. Much of the equipment was purchased by the Ballou Company and has been installed in their factory at Becket, Mass. On the foundation of the basket factory in North Blandford, Dr. Frank A. Higgins, a grandson of William C. Higgins, has erected a summer home which he has named Camp Drowsy Dale.

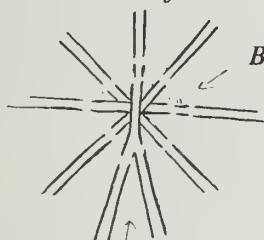


*After pounding ash log with a mallet the annual layers are peeled off.*



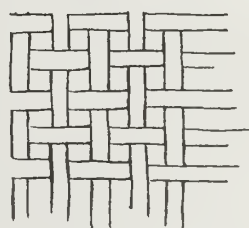
*device for sizing splints - knives inserted at spaced intervals and splint pulled through.*

*stakes laid out for round basket*

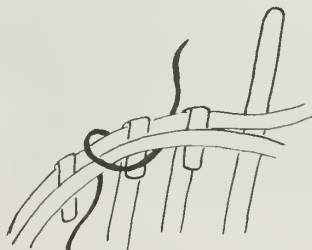


*Beginning of weaving*

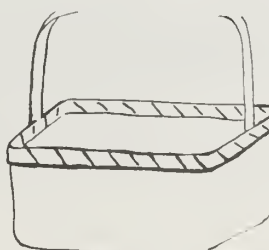
*Split to make uneven number of stakes*



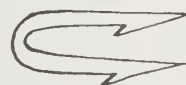
*Base for square basket - sides turned up*



*Binding top of basket*



*Handles*



*Two needed - pushed down into weaving of sides. the point catching in place.*

*Drawing by Doris Hayden*

# Childhood Memories:

## Growing Up in Granville

*by Leona A. Clifford*

Looking about at our lifestyle today and then remembering my childhood---what a difference!

I lived happily on a large farm in West Granville that belonged to my grandfather. My mother, father, and sister also lived there along with an assortment of boarders, summer folks, student ministers, and school teachers, not all at once however.

Our living was simple. We raised a lot of our own food, had a huge garden, pigs, cows, chickens. The eggs from the latter traveled by stage once a week to Gibbons' store in Granville Corners, and groceries such as flour, sugar, salt, tea, and coffee came back, again on the stage, as payment. Once in a while we also traded butter if mother had been able to make more of it than we needed.

I remember no one worrying about cholesterol, cancer-causing agents, or pollution, and most people in those days in our town reached their three score years and ten---many beyond that!

We had no indoor plumbing, except for a water pump in the kitchen, no electricity, no central heating, and, until I was six or seven, no telephone, and no automobile.

We did have two "necessaries", one in the far end of the woodshed for winters and one in an out-building for summers. We took baths in front of the kitchen range

in a galvanized tub every Saturday night. On Mondays my mother spent most of her day scrubbing clothes with a scrub board using that same washtub plus its identical twin for rinsing.

We had three wood burning--stoves for which my father chopped about twenty cords each fall. It was hauled and stacked in the yard as soon as there was enough snow for the old wood-shod sled. It was sawed and split in early spring and before summer it was housed in two woodsheds, ready for the next winter when it was good and dry. We never, as some people did, had to burn it green. Of course, the upstairs wasn't heated but we were experts at making a fast trip up stairs after undressing by the stove, and a reverse trip in the morning. Snuggling into our beautiful feather ticks, we were warm and cosy no matter what!

My mother made many of our clothes and always seemed to be able, with very little money, to provide things she couldn't make such as heavy outer clothing, shoes, and boots. Sometimes she made our bloomers and petticoats from bleached grain bags. These could also be used for dish towels and pillow cases and other useful things and no one wasted them.

Money was a rather scarce article. My father filled in what time he could spare



from the farm, by working on the town crew, or in the lumber mill owned by Nelson Frisbie. In the fall he ususally ran two long trap lines and sold the furs. At the end of World War One, when the fur buyer, a Mr. Austin from Suffield, Connecticut paid him \$20.00 each for prime red fox skins he was dumb-founded and could scarely believe it. That never happened again, however. In the summer we harvested the high bush blueberry crop if there was one. Once in a great while he butchered a beef and sold some of that. Dad had been a photographer in his home town of Grafton, Vermont and while he no longer did much with it, as he grew older he made many picture postcards which he sold to nearby stores.

Hard as cash was to come by our parents always paid their bills on time and never in their lives bought anything on credit or owned a credit card. Mother had her own budget system---so much put away for the two baby pigs and the baby chickens we bought each spring, so much for the grain bill, for taxes and whatever else she knew was coming up.

As I became older, like many other young folks in town, I earned money of my own by picking low bush blueberries for various growers. I remember getting five cents a quart! In 1931 I spent the forty dollars I had saved in 1930. It bought two formals, a graduation dress, and two pairs of shoes for my high school graduation---no caps and gowns then!

Transportation was a lot different. Snow storms and "mud-time" could keep one isolated for a lot of days in a year's time. We would eventually, in the case of snow, be shoveled out by the town crew and nature decided about the mud. Mail went through, one way or another in the bad times and so did the family doctor, both often going cross-lots and sometimes on foot or horseback. The mailman carried, besides mail, freight, groceries, and passengers. There were three post offices in town---now only one. The letter box of the one in West Granville has been, for many years, in the country store of Wiggins Tavern in Northampton, Massachusetts.



*Good Old House, circa 1912*

We attended a one-room school with nine grades, and I was in the last ninth grade to be graduated in Granville---after that only eight grades were required. School kept from nine until four, with an hour at noon and fifteen minute recesses A.M. and P.M. Besides having to contend with nine grades the teacher was often her own janitor. She usually came from some distance so had to board out. There were no buses. We walked and for some pupils it could be as much as two miles one way.

Quite often our teachers married local boys and stayed in town, and they were assets to it. I suppose it was hard to carry on much of a romance with lads from their home towns when they were away for months at a time.

Any child who was punished at school hoped and prayed his parents wouldn't find out or he would be in big trouble. I never knew of a parent who did not uphold the teacher in these situations. Our school toilets were out in the woodshed which guaranteed a cold trip during a lot of the year.

I suppose this tale makes it seem that we had little or no fun, but we did. In winter we went sliding and skiing or skating. In spring we hunted for the first wild flowers in a woods near the school. Once we found a woodcock nesting there. That was a real thrill. We harvested and chewed slippery elm bark from one lone specimen that grew on the wall near our school. There were church suppers and dances afterwards, for which my father "fiddled" and prompted and my mother played the piano. The chicken pie supper in October, the Christmas one on December, and the oyster supper in March were the highlights. There were school and Sunday school picnics and a few birthday parties. Once in a great while we went visiting relatives out of town and very often we visited our neighbors. Twice a year we got a trip to the blacksmith shop at Granville

Corners with the horse and buggy. Then my dad would go into Gibbons' Store and buy some edibles so we could have a picnic. One of those items was always sure to be Gibbons' cheese. The Gibbons boys always gave us candy, a big treat. This trip always killed the best part of one day but old Pet needed summer shoes and winter shoes. One of my favorite amusements was listening to my father tell about his childhood in Vermont. I never got tired of hearing those true tales time and time again.

Looking back it seems as if there was a lot lacking in these "good old days". In truth, in many ways we were better off then. Living was hard and money was scarce but we had all the necessities and some of the pleasures of life, and were a lot more contented with our lot. We had no TV to show us all the wonderful things we were being deprived of!

An Australian friend, on visiting us here in America, summed up our lifestyle here today pretty well. He said, and he had traveled, working his way around the world for several years, that he had never been any place where everyone worked so hard to get so many things they didn't need as in America. I think he hit the nail on the head.



*Congregational Church and Academy  
West Granville*

# Local Picture Writings

*by Doris Hayden*

Does anyone know the location of these picture-writings?

Item in the "Blandford Monthly", October 1903

"Mrs. Edith C. Cross writes to the Monthly, telling of some interesting marks discovered by herself and Mrs. Jettie Davis on a flat rock on the so-called Walker hill, on the land of Edward Uhl.

They noticed an animal's head cut in the stone. On clearing off the surface some picture-writing was visible, seeming to represent a party of men with horses moving up the hill toward the south, with the sun high above them. Many smaller objects, tent-shaped, may represent tepees, or wigwams; others cannot be read by those not versed in picture-writing and doubtless are the work of aborigines who formerly roved over these hills and camped by the crystal waters of the small lakes, or ponds, on this place. Many pictures are nearly now covered by soil and moss. One large figure on a higher plane may be a bear of huge frame - who knows?

She also reports having a stone axe, a pestle and mortar, the mortar having been found on Walker hill, and being of white stone. She has found some Indian arrow-heads about the Otis reservoir."

A letter addressed to the Librarian, Blandford, Mass. - dated Nov. 1966, from Braintree, Mass.

"While visiting friends in Chester last week-end, we were driven around to see the local country. Our host showed us a rock on Cliff Road. A most interesting rock, with many Indian characters seeming to tell a story. He had come upon this place about fifty years ago.

As a former Campfire leader and now working with Cub Scouts, my interest was aroused. Is there a history to this rock and where could I find more about it?

My host was a Mr. Witcher of Chester, Mass."

After reading "America B.C." by Barry Fell, it is intriguing to think that these picture-writings might fall into the same classification as those about which he writes.



# Middlefield In The Civil War

*From A History of the Town of Middlefield, Massachusetts*

Though Middlefield was remote from the populous centers and great arteries of trade and commerce, the town was deeply affected by the mighty currents of thought and the events and economic forces which molded the characters of men and institutions during the middle of the nineteenth century. During the decade preceding the Civil War, the discussion of slavery brought out in Middlefield, as elsewhere, a great variety of opinion, and the long winters were enlivened by stirring debates at the Center School. That the independent mountain life of the North was naturally good soil for the anti-slavery crusade is shown by the fact that Dr. Jefferson Church, who was a son of Green H. Church of Middlefield, became a prominent abolitionist at Springfield. Like all other early agitators, he was bitterly attacked for his extreme views. An intimate friend of John Brown, he assisted many of the oppressed race in their flight to Canada by the "underground railroad".

In Middlefield the anti-slavery sentiment was at first more in evidence among Baptist than among the Congregationalists, particularly in the Root and Smith families. The sons of Samuel Smith were attending colleges in New York State and Ohio during this period, and, being strongly influenced by the anti-slavery movement, gave effective expression of their views when they returned home. On the other hand, Rev. Edward Clark and a majority of his Whig congregation, were at first opposed to the agitation to free the

negroes, so that when Rev. Lewis Bridgeman, an ardent abolitionist from Oberlin, Ohio, became the Congregational minister in 1858, his outspoken manner aroused bitter controversy over this burning issue of the day. After the formation of the Republican party, however, the town became generally anti-slavery. The only pronounced "copperhead" in town, Bartholomew Ward, was arrested and imprisoned at Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor.

With the outbreak of the war all classes of young men responded to the call for volunteers--farmer's sons, hired men, mill workers, and railroad hands. Nearly fifty men went from Middlefield, thirteen of whom lost their lives in the service of their country. More than thirty others were hired abroad under the town board, of which John L. Bell was chairman, thus exceeding all demands for recruits made upon the town.

As in other towns "war meetings" were held for the purpose of stimulating enlistment. Metcalf J. Smith gathered together about thirty recruits from Middlefield and other towns, quartering them in the Agricultural Hall and drilling them on the race track. Their subsistence was furnished by the Root store and the state paid the expense.

One of the first to enlist and one of the few who served through most of the war was Uriah Frank Cheeseman, a son and grandson of soldiers of the War of 1812 and of the Revolution respectively. Twelve

Middlefield boys enlisted in September, 1862, in the 46th Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, Companies F and K, and were engaged mainly in North Carolina, cutting communications between Richmond and the South. Among these were Clarkson Smith, William D. Blush, George W. Cottrell, John Damon, George Ingraham, James Rowen, Henry Dickson, and Levi J. Olds, the last two of whom lost their lives. Dr. Edwin C. Bidwell, who was a practicing physician in Middlefield when the war broke out, enlisted as an assistant surgeon and was promoted to surgeon. Among the better known of the other soldiers who represented the town were Edward Pease, Charles Robbins, and Jerome Smith, of the farmers' sons; John J. Vetter, Seth Wait,

William Lathrop and James Kershaw of Factory Village; and Dennis Gallivan of "The Switch".

During the war the women as well as the men labored valiantly to aid the Union cause in every possible way. They organized a branch of the Sanitary Commission for furnishing supplies for the soldiers. As elsewhere they knitted socks and mittens and made shirts and bandages, carrying their knitting to church and working through the services. Aid was furnished to the families who had sent their breadwinners to the front, for which the State afterward paid \$1,975. In addition to the amount of aid paid solely by the town, which was \$14,490. generous contributions were privately made and many boxes of general supplies were sent to the front.

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July 27, 1980  
895 Hartford St.  
Worthington, Ohio 43085

#### *Stone Walls:*

The last issue on Montgomery was very interesting, as usual.

The first article by Lewis B. Allen struck a chord of my background--when I took a short course in chemistry under him.

I believe he was teaching at the Westfield Normal School. The National Pure Food and Drug Administration was recently put in operation and Professor Allen was asked to visit some plant connected with the food business for the Federal Bureau. He received some publicity over the fact that he made no appointment to inspect the place; just suddenly appeared at their doors and so got a fair appraisal.

Many candies and foods were colored with aniline dyes in those early days of the Pure Food and Drug Administration and Professor Allen gave, I believe, several short courses pertaining to such activities. I had graduated from High School the year before and had a special interest in chemistry.

So I took the Scenic Trolley car from Huntington to Westfield, took the required examination and was admitted to the Spring Short Course in 1912. He was an excellent teacher: we extracted dye from candy and dyed cloth with it. I had an exciting spring that year.

Years later, I expect in the twenties, when I was away from home, a great tragedy took place. As I recall, Professor Allen was at his old home place in Montgomery when a fatal gun shot from an unknown gunner came through a window and killed him. As far as I know the mystery was never solved, but the memories of the Professor and his sad ending have ever remained with me and are always present in passing the large old Allen home on the Montgomery Road to Westfield.

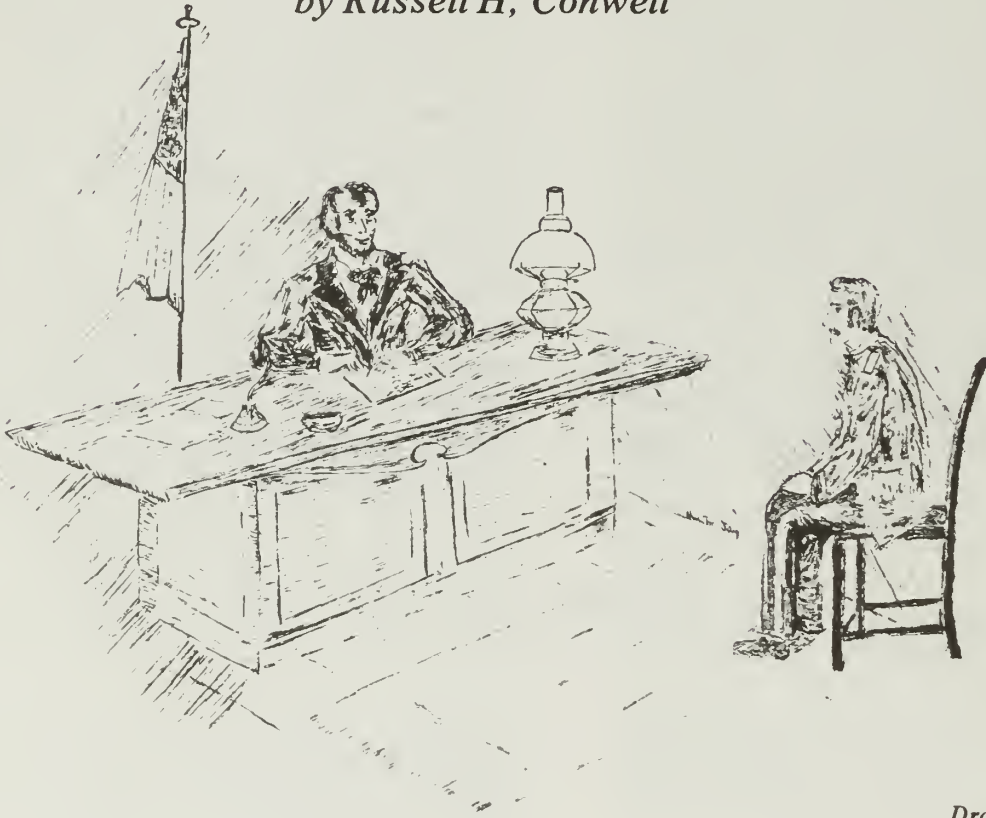
As I am living in Ohio now I cannot do any research on the above, it's solely my own memory.

Cordially,

Dorothy M. Blackman

# My Meeting With President Lincoln

*by Russell H. Conwell*



*Drawing by Kristin Jay*

One of my soldiers in the Civil War had been sentenced to death, and I went up to the White House in Washington--went there for the first time in my life--to see the President. I went into the waiting room and sat down with a lot of others on the benches, and the secretary asked one after another to tell him what they wanted. After the secretary had been through the line, he went in, and then came back to the door and motioned for me. I went up to that anteroom, and the secretary said: "That is the President's door right over there. Just rap on it and go right in." I never was so taken aback, friends, in all

my life, never. The secretary himself made it worse for me, because he had told me how to go in and then went out another door to the left and shut that. There I was, in the hallway by myself before the President of the United States of America's door. I had been on fields of battle, where the shells did sometimes shriek and the bullets did sometimes hit me, but I always wanted to run. I have no sympathy with the old man who says, "I would just as soon march up to the cannon's mouth as eat my dinner." I have no faith in a man who doesn't know enough to be afraid when he is being shot at. I never was so



afraid when the shells came around us at Antietam as I was when I went into that room that day; but I finally mustered the courage--I don't know how I ever did--and at arm's length tapped on the door. The man inside did not help me at all, but yelled out, "Come in and sit down!"

Well, I went in and sat down on the edge of the chair, and wished I were in Europe, and the man at the table did not look up. He was one of the world's greatest men, and was made great by one single rule. Oh, that all the young people of Philadelphia were before me now and I could say just this one thing, and that they would remember it. I would give a lifetime for the effect it would have on our city and on civilization. Abraham Lincoln's principle for greatness can be adopted by nearly all. This was his rule: Whatsoever he had to do at all, he put his whole mind into it and held it there until that was all done. That makes men great most anywhere. He stuck to those papers at that table and did not look up at me and I sat there trembling. Finally, when he had put the string around his paper, he pushed them over to one side and looked over to me, and a smile came over his worn face. He said: "I am a very busy man and have only a few minutes to spare. Now tell me in the fewest words what it is you want." I began to tell him and mentioned the case, and he said: "I have heard all about it and you do not need to say any more. Mr. Stanton was talking to me only a few days ago about that. You can go to the hotel and rest assured that the President never did sign an order to shoot a boy under twenty years of age, and never will. You can say that to his mother anyhow."

Then he said to me, "How is it going in the field?" I said, "We sometimes get discouraged." And he said: "It is all right. We are going to win out now. We are getting very near the light. No man ought

to wish to be President of the United States, and I will be glad when I get through; then Tad and I are going out to Springfield, Illinois. I have bought a farm out there and I don't care if I again earn only twenty-five cents a day. Tad has a mule team, and we're going to plant onions."

Then he asked me, "Were you brought up on a farm?" I said, "Yes, in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts." He then threw his leg over the corner of the big chair and said, "I have heard many a time, ever since I was young, that up there in those hills you have to sharpen the noses of the sheep in order to get down to the grass between the rocks." He was so familiar, so every day, so farmer-like, that I felt right at home with him at once.



*Drawing by Kristin Jay*

He then took hold of another roll of paper, and looked up at me and said, "Good morning." I took the hint then and got up and went out. After I had gotten out I could not realize that I had seen the President of the United States at all.

Excerpted from *Acres of Diamonds* by Russell H. Conwell, Fleming H. Revell Company, with permission.

# VOLUNTEER ENLISTMENT.

STATE OF



TOWN OF

*Massachusetts*

I, *George P. Nelson*  
in the State of *Massachusetts*  
and by occupation a *Farmer*  
volunteered this *Twenty-first*

born in *Worcester*  
aged *Twenty-eight* years,

DO HEREBY ACKNOWLEDGE to have

day of *December* 1863

to serve as a SOLDIER in the ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, for the period of THREE YEARS, unless sooner discharged by proper authority: Do also agree to accept such bounty, pay, rations, and clothing as are or may be established by law for volunteers. And I, *George P. Nelson*

do solemnly swear that I will

bear true faith and allegiance to the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies or opposers whomsoever; and that I will observe and obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the Rules and Articles of War.

Sworn and subscribed to, at *Northampton*

this *Twenty-first* day of *December* 1863

BEFORE

*George P. Nelson*

I CERTIFY, ON HONOR, That I have carefully examined the above named Volunteer, agreeably to the General Regulations of the Army, and that in my opinion he is free from all bodily defects and mental infirmity, which would, in any way, disqualify him from performing the duties of a soldier.

*A. W. Thompson M.D.*

EXAMINING SURGEON.

I CERTIFY, ON HONOR, That I have minutely inspected the Volunteer, *George P. Nelson*, previously to his enlistment, and that he was entirely sober when enlisted; that, to the best of my judgment and belief, he is of lawful age; and that, in accepting him as duly qualified to perform the duties of an able-bodied soldier, I have strictly observed the Regulations which govern the recruiting service. This soldier has *Blue eyes, dark hair, dark complexion, is 5' 10" tall, 160 lbs, feet five inches high.*

*Not Married*

Regiment of

Volunteers.

RECRUITING OFFICER.

for 1st Heavy Artillery Mass Bobs

# DECLARATION OF RECRUIT.

I, George Kelso desiring  
to VOLUNTEER as a Soldier in the ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES, for the term of THREE YEARS,  
Do declare, That I am Twenty-eight years and \_\_\_\_\_ months  
of age; that I have never been discharged from the United States service on account of disability or by  
sentence of a court-martial, or by order before the expiration of a term of enlistment; and I know of no  
impediment to my serving honestly and faithfully as a soldier for three years.

GIVEN AT Northampton Mass. P. O. Box  
The Twenty-first day of Dec. 1866

Witness:

Wm. A. Marsh

No.

Volunteered at \_\_\_\_\_

186

By \_\_\_\_\_

Regiment of \_\_\_\_\_

2d enlistment; last served in Company (K)

46th Regt of Mass. Inf.

Discharged \_\_\_\_\_

July 29

1866

## CONSENT IN CASE OF MINOR.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ Do CERTIFY, That I am the  
said \_\_\_\_\_ is \_\_\_\_\_; that the  
do hereby freely give my CONSENT to his volunteering as a SOLDIER in the ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES  
for the period of THREE YEARS.

GIVEN AT \_\_\_\_\_

The \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_

Witness \_\_\_\_\_



# Windsor In The Civil War

*by Bernard A Drew*



*Photo by Bernard Drew*

Windsor, like its western Massachusetts neighbors, supported the War of the Union with both men and money. A tally in 1866 found that Berkshire County communities furnished 5,356 volunteers--well above quota. Windsor supplied approximaely 89 men, and \$9,687.71, to the cause.

At a town meeting in May, 1861, shortly after war broke out, a committee was formed to raise funds and equip volunteers. Most of these joined the 49th "All Berkshire" Regiment which, under the command of Gen. William Bartlett of Pittsfield, was to fight valiantly at Port Hudson, Louisiana.

A vivid account of one Windsor recruit's experiences in action is offered in Rodney W. Torrey's War Diary 1862-1863. The 93-page, hardcover book gives no indication of publisher, but was issued sometime after 1904. It reprints Torrey's day-by-day diary and letters to his family.

Born in Windsor on September 30, 1836, Torrey was a farmer and mechanic in town when recruited for military service. "October 31, 1862 Rode to Camp Briggs in Pittsfield," reads his first entry, "and volunteered in Company K, Forty-ninth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry (Byron Weston of Lee, and later of Dalton,

Captain). In the afternoon went to Pittsfield village. Weather very fair, calm, clear and warmer, with southwest wind."

Torrey began drilling at Pittsfield in early November, as winter set in. By the end of the month, the outfit moved to New York City, then Long Island. They drilled, marched and guarded. A typical day had reveille at 6:30 a.m., breakfast, surgeon's call, guard mounting, officer's drill in manual, company drill, dinner, company drill, dress parade, supper, tattoo, and taps at 9:00 p.m. Changes in routine might include time off and guard detail. ("Countersign 'Fredericksburg,' " Torey reported on December 22.)

On January 23, 1863, Company K marched to New York City and boarded the *Illinois*. It sailed the next day for New Orleans. The Windsorite didn't take well to the sea; on the 25th he logged: "Was seasick. Hove up twice. Was better at night. Went on upper deck towards night. It looked grand. Sea smooth. Was a little rough last night..."

The next day, the ship passed Fortress Monroe, "Near where the Monitor and Merriman had their engagement. Saw a Monitor near by,--a droll looking ship, only a foot or two above water except for the turret..." (The North Adams iron works smelted iron for the plates used on the Monitor, while the Richmond iron furnace made the guns outfitted on the craft.)

In early February, the troop ship anchored at the mouth of the Mississippi. Torrey soon had his first view of southern landscape. "The country along the river is beautiful,--nice and level, with orange groves, where ripe oranges hang, and fine mansions surrounded by slave huts..."

The soldiers marched to Baton Rouge, and experienced their first encounter when rebel bullets zinged by the picket guards. No one was hurt. Rations improved as potatoes, beef, etc., were confiscated from surrounding plantations.

On May 13, the regiment marched to Port Hudson; the drilling was over. On the 21st, Torrey saw action at the Battle of Plain's Store: "At two o'clock P.M. the battle commenced in our part of the field with artillery and infantry firing. Little after two o'clock we were ordered forward. We were under fire about one hour, and, during the time, charged across a field swept by artillery and small arms. How the shells and bullets did fly! Hennessey was wounded. The rebels were driven back..."

On May 27, in an attack on Port Hudson, the 49th was cut to pieces. A third of its strength was lost. Torrey, sick much of the time, afterward waited on the wounded and helped build breastworks. The troops, supported by gunboats, settled in to pick at the rebel stronghold from rifle pits. "While I lay behind a beech stump," recorded Torrey on June 14, "I had a dual with a rebel. We exchanged four or five shots apiece. I think I must have hit him, as I fired last and never could see him afterwards. It was only a few rods off and he was a good shot..."

Many days were spent in the rifle pits; welcome changes included pay day, eating a fresh cucumber. Many of Torrey's regiment were killed by sharpshooters. The heat was unbearable.

Mid-afternoon on July 8, Port Hudson surrendered. "This morning I went to the rebel fortifications and talked with the rebels," said the Windsor man, apparently not holding any grudge.. "Swapped canteens and hard bread for sugar and molasses. They are glad to get the bread. They have lived short for the last two weeks, having nothing to eat but mule meat, corn cake, and pea soup..."

The Union took 6,825 rebel prisoners at the end of the siege. Torrey and his mates settled in camp. The 49th had marching orders to return home as soon as things were ready. They returned to Baton Rouge on August 1. "Glad to get back after a

campaign of seventy-three days. We have seen more of real war than some regiments that have been in service for years," wrote Torrey.

On August 17, on ship headed home, he rejoiced: "I am once more in a free land."

The soldiers had a grand reception in Pittsfield on August 22, 1863. "I rode home with Elijah Jordon...Folks here call it very hot, but I think it is cool," commented the veteran.



*The Torrey homestead in Windsor, from a painting. It was later owned by the Sangree family. (Courtesy Windsor Historical Commission)*

*Photo by Bernard Drew*

\*\*\*\*\*

Flags fluttered at half staff on August 3, 1956 for the last survivor of the Civil War's Grand Army of the Republic.

This veteran lived 109 years. He outlived some 2,650,000 of his comrades. He was Albert Woolson of Duluth, Minnesota.

Bells from over 100 churches tolled for 3

minutes at the start of the services. Jet planes in the formation of a cross flew over the funeral procession as it approached the cemetery. Military bands and escort units led the procession in slow cadence in honor of that last boy in blue.





*Deborah Bosworth Sheldon Root*

# Martin Root

*by Minnie Hite Moody*



*Martin Root*

Martin Root left his home in Westfield, Mass. in 1805 to drive a team of oxen for Timothy Rose of Granville as part of the wagon train heading for the new village of Granville in Ohio.

The wagons were of the heavy farm type with flat bottoms and high side boards with bows supporting a covering of heavy canvas. They were drawn by two to six oxen, and required skillful drivers to make the journey of seven hundred miles through unbroken wilderness.

The Rose party was the largest to leave Granville, having between 65 and 70 people, most of them answering to the name of Rose.

On arrival in Ohio Mr. Root had the distinction of being one of the first men to drive his wagon onto the town plot. This was a matter of great importance.

When Martin went West he left behind a sad memory of his "lost love," a Miss Deborah Bosworth of nearby Montgomery who had married Paul Warner Sheldon, Jr.

"Something" about the new village of which he was a part caused Martin to remain there and he accepted the issue of two town plots and farmland located on Loudon Street about six miles outside the village of Granville. Two years passed and Martin returned to Massachusetts and married Mary Barrett. They returned to the Loudon Street farm and as the years

passed, eight children were born. Mary died in childbirth in 1826.

The strange ways of history tell us, back East, Deborah Bosworth Sheldon, herself a mother of five children, is now husbandless, after losing her husband in death. Martin turns East again for a wife and mother for his eight children. He married Deborah and in 1827, via the new canal returns to the Root farm with five step-children and Deborah's new daughter-in-law.

Martin is now 45 years of age and Deborah 40 with 13 children and a daughter-in-law from both marriages. The two enjoyed just 11 years of marriage when Martin died at age 56.

His wife Deborah brought not only her children from Massachusetts, but also the Constitution of a Ladies Missionary Society with which she had been identified in her home town of Southampton, Mass. This became the background for the various women's societies in the Granville, Ohio churches.

Material taken from Minnie Hite Moody's historical article in the *Newark Ohio Advocate*.

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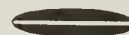
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Convey uncertain words from ancient deeds  
And by their very width of rock proclaim  
The strength of man’s eternal will to own  
What he can never hope to hold for long.”*

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